

"The Reg'lar Army Man"

He ain't no gold-laced "Belvidere", ter sparkle in the sun
 He don't parade with gay cockade, and posies in his gun;
 He ain't no "pretty soldier boy", so lovely, spick and span,—
 He wears a crust of tan and dust, the Reg'lar Army man;
 The marchin', parchin',
 Pipe-clay starchin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday-school, nor yet at social tea,
 And on the day he gets his pay he's apt to spend it free;
 He ain't no temp'rance advocate, he likes ter fill the "can",
 He's kinder rough, and maybe, tough, the Reg'lar Army man;
 The r'arin, Tearin',
 Sometimes swearin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

No state 'll call him "noble son." He aint' no ladies' pet,
 But, let a row start anyhow, they'll send for him, you bet.
 He "don't cut any ice" at all in Fashion's social plan,—
 He gits the job ter face a mob, the Reg'lar Army man;
 The millin', drillin',
 Made for killin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him when he goes off ter war,
 He gits no speech nor prayerful "preach", from mayor or governor;
 He packs his little knapsack up and trots off in the van,
 Ter start the fight and start it right, the Reg'lar Army man;
 The rattlin', battlin',
 Colt or Gatlin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job, He don't talk big or brave,—
 He knows he's in ter fight and win, or help fill up a grave;
 He ain't no "Mama's darlin'", but He does the best he can,
 And he's the chap that wins the scrap, the Reg'lar Army man,
 The dandy, handy,
 Cool and sandy,
 Reg'lar Army man.